

APPALLING!

The City of Louisville, Ky., Srept by a Cyclone.

The Number of Dead Will Reach Into the Scores.

While the Injured Will Number Hundreds.

SEVERAL HUNDRED BUSINESS HOUSES DEMOLISHED.

THE WARNING OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE BUREAU WAS UNHEEDED.

Not a Business House Left on Main Street from Eighth to Fourteenth Streets—A Clean Sweep in the District Struck—The Union Depot Falls Crushing a Passenger Train, but the Passengers Miraculously Escape—Wide Spread Disaster in the Wake of the Storm Which Also Visited Southern Illinois and Indiana.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—The following was received from Louisville, Ky., Friday morning about 6 o'clock:

A tornado struck Louisville at 7:30 Thursday evening. It entered the western portion of the city at Eighteenth street, and swept a path five blocks wide diagonally reaching in a ragged line to Seventh street, leveling every building in its path, probably 2,500 houses. A rough estimate puts the killed at 500, with thousands injured. The city is filled with a crazed mass of people wildly seeking friends. A large force of men is at work on the ruins, and about 100 bodies have been recovered. It is impossible to get names.

Buildings on Main from Eighth to Fourteenth, are in ruins. Not one of the handsome tobacco houses are left, and all the tobacco warehouses are swept away. On Market street, Falls City hall, a four-story building, was prostrated, while several Masonic and Knights of Honor lodges were in session, and 100 people, men and women, are buried under it. Every other house on Market and Jefferson, and Walnut from Tenth to Sixteenth streets, is in ruins. Portland, a suburb, is swept away.

Depot and Train Crushed.

At the Union depot, at the foot of Seventh street, the Chesapeake and Ohio train for Washington was just starting out filled with passengers. The building was prostrated, crashing in on the train. All the passengers were, however, rescued but one newsboy. Such destruction no city has known in this century. Every building, tree and even telegraph pole is leveled within the district struck.

It Was Predicted.

The cyclone was predicted by the signal service bulletin Thursday afternoon, but no heed was paid to its warning. The cyclone came with scarce a warning sound, and in all the buildings struck the inhabitants were engaged in their usual avocations, without effort to escape when their homes collapsed. The district three miles long and nearly half a mile wide.

The Ruins on Fire.

At 8 o'clock several different fires were burning at one time. They were all extinguished. No trains have arrived from Cincinnati or Lexington or from the Louisville and Nashville, Southern or Chesapeake and Ohio last night. All the railroads with the exception of the Pennsylvania lines are compelled to suspend operations.

In Indiana.

The cyclone crossed the river, striking Jeffersonville, Ind., badly wrecking Front street, which is on the river, but no lives were lost. Hundreds of wounded have been taken to their homes and the hospitals. All the physicians in the city are engaged in attending them.

Greatly Exaggerated.

The First Accounts of the Loss of Life from the Storm.

CINCINNATI, March 31.—The Evening Post Saturday published the following from its special correspondent in Louisville:

The disaster at Louisville is the worst in the history of the city. Happily, the loss of life is not near so large as was reported when excitement swept over the city and judgment was impaired by the lying thick and fast. Conservative estimates place the loss of life at from 100 to 150 souls, while others say it will reach 200. Some claim more, necessarily exaggerating before the exact facts are known.

The Property Lost.

There is no doubt that the business of Louisville has received a severe blow from which it will take some time to recover. Estimates on property losses run from \$1,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

Almost upon arriving in the ill-fated city the visitor was impressed with the fact that something unusual had occurred to interrupt the routine of daily life. Great excitement was visible everywhere. Business was at a standstill, suspended. Merchants gathered in groups here and there and discussed the horror. Great crowds lined the streets—all going in the direction of the devastated district.

In the neighborhood where death had reaped his richest harvests intense anxiety was depicted on the faces of those whose relatives or friends were buried in the ruins.

When the destroying demon of the winds had sated his maw by razing the frail little cigar building he took a curious round.

Soundings up at an angle of 45 degrees, the upper floor of the west wing of the hotel was carried away. Here Thomas Ayer, proprietor of a laundry, his wife and little girl, had quarters. The wife and child, thoroughly terrified, stood rooted to the spot, and would not doubt, have perished, had not the husband, with presence of mind, seized them and dragged them to a place of safety at the opposite side of the house.

The scene on Main street, from Sixth as far as Twelfth street, presents a scene of indescribable confusion. Heavy timbers, piles of brick and stone, huge pieces of roofing and cornice, telephone and telegraph wires are heaped up. Pedestrians pick their way carefully through the deep mud, and their progress is often interrupted by cries of warning of drivers of teams bearing merchandise to places of safety.

Here, leaning up against a tobacco warehouse, is a dismantled street car. The mules, car driver and one passenger were lifted by the wind and tossed a considerable distance. Nothing but the platform of the car remains. The passenger escaped.

The Greatest Force.

At Main street, the storm seemed to spend its greatest fury and the destruction is the most extensive. Breaking through breaks in the knobs which shelter the city the hurricane passed through the pretty suburb of Fairland, and proceeding from southwest to northeast, struck the city at about Eighteenth and Maple.

Thence it proceeded in narrow confines, alternately dipping to the earth and causing havoc or bounding high into the air over the roofs of buildings. When Baxter square was reached at Jefferson and Twelfth the storm spread and covered a wide stretch on Jefferson. Market, Main and Commerce to Tenth and Sixth street, where it disappeared.

The Tobacco Ware Houses.

The pride of Louisville is its immense tobacco warehouses on Main street. Of these only three remain. Four thousand men are employed in this industry, and most of them are thrown out of employment. Here a ware house was to be seen in an utter state of collapse, with hundreds of hogheads piled upon each other amid the debris.

The new Phoenix ware house, just completed, is a mass of ruins. The occasion of its opening was made a gala one, and on the day before the disaster a large delegation of visitors of eastern Kentucky were royally entertained. The worst injured buildings on Main street were the tobacco warehouses. A large warehouse, owned by the Louisville and Nashville railroad, 134 Zave street, Kentucky Scale company, and Louisville Wire company.

At the Falls City Hall Building.

It was at the Falls City hall building, on Market street, near Twelfth, that the tornado dealt most harshly with human lives. The building was a three-story brick and towered above its fellows thus receiving the brunt of the storm. It was completely destroyed. Over 300 people were killed in this building. The building, built by the Louisville and Nashville railroad, 134 Zave street, Kentucky Scale company, and Louisville Wire company.

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Robert Hamilton, residence unknown. Mrs. John Horan, 1841 Portland avenue.

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WM. G. WHITE, CHAS. S. POWELL.

PRICE PER YEAR, \$1.50.

Wednesday, - - - April 2, 1890.

It is thought that the death list Louisville will not go above 100, and the property lost will be beyond \$2,000,000, as the result of Thursday night's tornado.

THE SCOTCH IRISH.

The second annual gathering of the Scotch-Irish Congress will convene at Pittsburgh, Pa., on 29th of May, and continue in session three days. The Scotch-Irish have done vast work in America, and it is well they should assemble annually to talk together over their achievements.

THE FLOOD.

The Mississippi valley is suffering from the worst flood it has experienced for years. The levees are broken in many places, and the waters are running wild over hundreds of square miles of territory. Thousands of people have been driven from their homes, and vast quantities of live stock have been drowned. The Ohio and Missouri rivers are rising, and there is no telling what the consequences may be.

A GREAT SPEECH.

George W. Bain, the Silver-tongued Orator of Kentucky, Before the Indiana State Probation Convention.

TOMLINSON HALL, INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY 26, 1890.

[Indiana Platform.]

The immense hall was crowded with representative men and women to hear the gifted speaker, and he was received with loud and prolonged applause. After thanking the assembly for his cordial greeting, he said: I bring before you a great question. This Prohibition issue is the greatest before the American people. It is not whether the movement is backed by a great party, but whether it is founded upon a grand idea. If it is a grand idea to raise \$75,000,000 revenue annually by a protective tariff, is it not a grander idea to save to the people \$900,000,000 per year now going into the pockets of the saloon keeper, the brewer and distiller? If tariff reform is a grand idea, is not temperance reform a grander one? I say to you that this question involves more than all the other issues multiplied by the years of the oldest man among you. The liquor business is at the bottom of most of the business troubles between capital and labor. We hear the cry of

HARD TIMES.

There ought to be no hard times in a country having wealth, soil, water and other resources sufficient to consume the capital of the entire world. What is the trouble? Over production does not say. But over production is not the cause of the trouble. The houses crowded with goods, yet homes desolate for the want of that which fills the store-houses; banks glutted with money needed in the commerce of the country. Six doctors attending a man very sick. One says, "There is an over production of blood; he has the run of blood to the head." "No," says another, "there is not too much blood, for his feet are cold." The trouble with the poor fellow was that his blood did not circulate properly. That is the trouble in the industrial world. The blood—the money—does not have the run of the extremities. It is an insult to God to take his blessings, lock them up in stores, leave children to starve, and then cry out over production in a land of plenty.

THE WASTE OF THE SALOON.

The liquor traffic takes from labor each year \$550,000,000. Let this money out and there will be no more over production, for the over-stored store-houses will be lightened of their burdens. Close every saloon in Indianapolis; place a policeman at the door of each to watch, and then place some one else to watch the policeman (laughter) and at 8 o'clock there would not be a beef-steak in a butcher shop, or a loaf of bread in a bakery in the city. I am surprised that business men do not rise up in arms against this infamous traffic from a business standpoint, if from no other. For it is a cancer, eating away the vitality of the business interests of the nation as surely as the one that sapped away the life of General Grant.

I WANT TO GO TO CONGRESS.

And when I get there, I shall write upon one of the walls in golden letters the words of Gladstone—"It is the duty of government to make it easy for the people to do right and difficult to do wrong," and on the other wall the words of Burke—"What is morally wrong cannot be politically right." I would construct an arch of the words of Clay—"I would sooner be right than President," and under the arch write the words of Grant—"I will fight it out to this line."

It would seem as if there were now written on the walls—"It is the duty of government to make it difficult to do right and easy to do wrong," on another, "What is morally wrong can be made politically right," and on the arch written, "All things to all men and they send us back."

There is a disposition to sympathize with the laboring classes in trying to solve this question, and I know what it is to work. When father died, I intended to keep up my college studies, but I had to go into the field and cut corn mid night to keep my mother and little brothers and sisters from starving. To-day I look at laboring men with a great deal of sympathy, for I am sorry the liquor element is so strong among them. I watch the men who come out of the saloons and the hotel bar-rooms wherever I go, and I study their faces. Are they capitalists? No, they are the working-men. All the wrongs that capital has inflicted on labor are not as great as that which the liquor traffic is accomplishing to-day. I thank God that Powderly has declared war against the saloon as the worst enemy of the people, and the time is coming when all working-men will rise against it. [Great applause.]

Some one says this is a free country and that the man who drinks must take the consequences. I say that this is a free country, but the man who

drinks makes some one else bear the consequences. Several years ago the grandson of Henry Clay was shot in a Louisville bar-room. His mother got the telegram and started to his bedside, and there saw him die. You may go into that house to day in Lexington and with all of its color and refinement, its luxury and elegance, it is a desolate home. There you will find a scene of sorrow in this free country that was caused by the consequences of drink.

NOAH BEGAN THE MISCHIEF.

It has been said that Noah invented strong drink, and that the devil went into partnership with him. Noah has gone out of the firm, the business enlarged and the government of the United States has been taken into the firm.

The government owns ninety shares out of 120 in the saloon business, but what is the government? I remember once seeing a story about Ben Wade, who got on his horse in Ohio and rode all the way to Washington to tell the government. He asked the President, but he said he was not the government. He asked everybody in the Capitol and received the same answer. What did he do then? Why, he simply got on his horse, rode back to Ohio, and assembled all of the people of his town in the Court-house yard and told them that they were the government. Was he not right?

What makes drunkards? Strong drink. Who sells the drink? The saloon keeper. What created the saloon? The law. Who makes the law? The legislature. What makes the legislature? The people. It is the house that Jack built, only I do not say it now as when a boy. I say now:

Intemperance is the fire the Devil built;
Strong drink is the fuel
That feeds the fire the Devil built.
Breweries and distilleries are the axes
That cut the fuel
That feeds the fire the Devil built,
Saloons and beer-gardens are the stoves
That heat the axes
That cut the fuel
That feeds the fire that Jack built.

License laws are the molds
That cast the axes and shape the stoves
That heat the axes
That cut the fuel
That feeds the fire the Devil built.
Political parties are the patentees,
Who patented the molds,
Cast the axes and shaped the stoves,
That heat the axes,
That cut the fuel,
That feeds the fire the Devil built.

And Prohibition Party ballots are the Sledge-hammers,
Destined to destroy the molds,
Break the axes,
Smash the stoves
That heat the axes
That cut the fuel
That feeds the fire the Devil built.

What makes the drunkard? The saloon. What makes the saloon? The law. What makes the law? The Legislature. The people. And so, my friends, the people are directly responsible for the drunkard? But people come to me and say they cannot put the traffic down. I remember I said that same thing about the slavery question when the war broke out, but we Southerners learned better about twenty years ago. It is not a question of cannot but of will. If the men will not do it, then God Almighty will do it, then God will do it as he has in Missouri. The pure home is the corner stone of good government. Home and mother deserve as much protection as sheep.

ABOUT CONGRESS.

A few years ago I was in Congress in the gallery. A bill was introduced for the appointment of a commission to make astronomical investigations. A few days later a bill was brought in for the creation of a commission to inquire into the anatomy of the Rocky Mountain locusts. But when one of the large petitions ever presented to the body came in, asking the appointment of a commission to inquire into the effects of the alcoholic liquor traffic, no action was taken thereon.

MISS WILLARD'S PETITION.

The great Republican Convention met in Chicago in 1894. The committee on platform was asked to denounce the Heathen Chinese. "What will you give us?" "The vote of California." In she goes. Protection for wool was asked. "What will you give us?" "The vote of the sheep grower." In she goes. The manufacturing interests demanded continued protection. "What will you give us?" "Heavy contributions to corruption funds." In she goes. Miss Francis E. Willard, that queen of the American platform, asks for protection for the homes of the nation. "What will you give us?" "The prayers and the blessings of the womanhood of America." How was her petition treated? It was found on the floor of the committee room covered with tobacco spit. When the Republican party spit upon the petition of so grand a body of women as Miss Willard represented, it flattered the quiver that still pierces its own heart. [Applause.]

DIVORCED FROM OLD PARTIES.

Some years ago I got a divorce from the Democratic party from the high court of conscience, and before sundown went into the Republican party, and then went out. The one promised nothing, and kept its word; the other the same and did nothing. The Republican party proposes to regulate this thing by high tax, and low tax, and all the time have nothing but sin tax. You can't do it. While you have the drink you'll have the drunkard. Slavery wouldn't be regulated. When the government was born it was said, the slave trade in twenty years would not be settled. The question was settled by the Missouri Compromise. Didn't do it. Why? Wasn't settled. At last Abraham Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation. The thing was settled. Why? Settled right. [Applause.] The liquor question will be settled in the same way. "Must not go ahead of public sentiment," we are told. Imagine the children of Israel saying to Moses, "Your law is ahead of public sentiment," here is Aaron making a golden calf already. Let's put a high license on golden calves. A farmer finds a lot of rattlesnakes on his farm; that's free will. He boxed them up and freed twenty-five holes in the box through

which they crawled out; that's low license. Boxed them up again and left fifteen holes open. Snakes got out through them; that's high license. He then turned them loose on his neighbor's farm; that's local option. The neighbor then clubbed the snakes to death; that's prohibition. [Applause.]

NEW WINE, NEW BOTTLES.

The Republican party can't give us prohibition! Bible says it can't. How's that? Says you can't put new wine in old bottles. The Savior couldn't work in the church of the Sadducees and Pharisees. Why? New wine—new bottles. Wesley was as helpless in the moss-covered, English church. Why? New wine—new bottles. The Abolitionists couldn't get freedom for the slaves through the Whig party. Why? New wine—new bottles. A machine can only do the work which it was built to perform. You can't thresh wheat with a reaper, even though it did do a good job of cutting. You can't tear it to pieces, however, and get some material which can be used in the construction of a threshing machine. The Republican party was made to abolish slavery. It worked well. But it can't do the work needed now.

A short time before the late Republican National Convention, Albert Griffin prophesied that his party would declare for Prohibition in its National platform. He argued that three-fourths of the party was for Prohibition, and that of course three-fourths could control one-Prohibition. He was on the committee on resolutions in that convention, and when that committee decided to make a platform without a reference to the liquor issue, why didn't Mr. Griffin bring in a minority report? The one-fourth forbade it. Later on in the convention came the sympathy resolution. During the campaign, General Harrison made some seventy-five speeches, addressed delegations of Irish voters, expressing sympathy for their countrymen suffering from British rule. Delegations representing various trades and branches of business were assured of his best wishes for their welfare, but not one word did he utter about "the first concern of good government." Griffin says, "get the temperance Republicans and temperance Democrats together." Let us see how that will work. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, a temperance Democrat, and Secretary Windom, an anti-saloon Republican, meet to discuss a great question. They agree that this great evil should be put down. But the more they try to agree as to who should go into the other's party the farther they get apart. They can only get together by laying aside all party prejudices and coming into the Prohibition party.

TROW YOUR VOTE AWAY.

John Quincy Adams said, "the man who has always voted for principle, has the sweet conviction that he never lost a vote." [Applause.] In the last National election 5,000,000 Democrats, led by Senator Colquitt and Atherton, of Louisville, the one a local preacher in the Methodist Church, the other a big distiller, walking side by side, voted for Cleveland. Five million Republicans followed Senator Blair, a temperance man, and Sheridan Shook, the big New York brewer, they walked arm in arm to the polls and voted for Harrison. In each of these processes were 150,000 ministers, class leaders, deacons and elders, keeping step with saloon keepers, brewers and distillers. But, thank God, there was a band of 250,000, without a liquor man in it, who marched bravely up to the polls for the Free and Brooks. [Applause.] The time is coming when the Christian man and saloonist will step together no more.

Some say I would vote with you if I didn't "love my party." Bless you that is all right to love your party, but don't love it too long. Yesterday I was coming down to Indianapolis. Suppose I had passed the station where I should have changed cars. Conductor came around and says, "Here, your ticket says Indianapolis. But this train don't go to Indianapolis." I know that. "Why did you remain on it?" "Well, you see, the train is an elegant train—rides easy, richly furnished and I am in love with the conductor." How long would I be in reaching Indianapolis by remaining on a train that wasn't coming here? For these reasons, I got off the train when I don't go any farther. Ride on the Democratic train a long time. When I saw it was going in the direction of home destruction instead of "Home Protection," the way I wanted to travel, got off and jumped aboard the Republican train. It wasn't long before that train was in a house of (applause) and there it has remained, ever since, and the passengers and crew have done nothing except talk about their trip from Sumpter to Appomattox. (Laughter.) I am now aboard a train going in the right direction; the speed may be slow, but on one Christian I find there is plenty of water in the tank to make the trip. (Applause and laughter.) There are lots of men who THINK MORE OF PARTY THAN OF GOD.

During the last campaign, in a town in New Jersey, the Democratic and Republican parties each had a big parade. Neither was molested. But when a few Salvation Army people undertook to march the streets they were arrested and locked up. God Almighty couldn't have a procession in that town. If every Democratic and Republican member would work for a week for the church, as they work for their political parties for three months each campaign, they would bring about a wonderful revival of religion. Sam Jones tells about a pony down in Georgia which will not haul a wagon loaded with stone or cotton; hitch him to one thus loaded and he won't move an inch; but harness him to a nicely padded buggy and away he goes. There are some Christians who won't pull in prayer meetings or in the temperance work, but hitch them in party traces and they'll snap their gallowas straps pulling some old whisky bloot into office.

THE PARTY IS SO SMALL.

Nothing is little that has God, time and eternity behind it. In 1872 the Prohibition vote was a little about the size of a man's hand; in 1876 it was larger, in 1880 still larger, and in 1884 it burst forth in a shower that well nigh drowned out the curse. David's pebble was a little thing. All that is great is made of little things. I never had more faith in the success of this movement than at this time. The old parties are sitting upon safety valves, and some day the boilers will "let go," and there will be earthquakes. Sometimes it takes long to get the fire out of the mill, but it requires but a short time to grind it after it gets there. The men are going to wake up some day, and then the matter will be quickly settled. The women are already awake under the leadership of

(in railroad language) the Big Four—Willard, Lathrop, Hoffman and Gungar. But women don't count. Don't count. Elijah was brave enough to kill four hundred and fifty false prophets; but the next day cowardly ran away when one woman got after him. If one bad woman could frighten such men as Elijah, what can we not expect from 250,000 of the grandest women of America.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

Of the results of doing right. If man will do his part, God will do his, and there will be a glorious victory of God and Home and Native Land. We have only to stand firm, and we shall convert the good Republicans and the good Democrats.

Down in Kentucky, they tell me I am trying to kill the Democratic party and that the Republicans are furnishing the money. When I cross the Ohio river, they tell me I am trying to kill the Republican party and that the Democrats are furnishing the money. I am really trying to do, in to beat both, because both are the protectors of the saloon, which is the enemy of God and men.

To this high end and aim, may the manhood of every patriot in the land respond through the loyal service of a conscience ballot.

In Italy the autumn-sown wheat looks well, but stocks of 1889 corn are getting low, and considerable imports will be necessary before July.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The New York Ledger for March 22nd contains the first installment of an Irish story of to-day, by Harold Frederic, which will set the hearts of Irishmen on fire. The story is called "The Martyrdom of Maev."

The gold premium in Buenos Ayres has again advanced to 184 per cent. There are great complaints that money is extremely scarce, and from 25 to 30 per cent. per month is a common rate charged. Failures in large numbers are reported of brokers and speculators, and appearances indicate that a crash cannot be much longer postponed.

The Norwegian steamship Bratten arrived on Monday from Puerto Cortes, Spanish Honduras, with 12,000 bunches of bananas to the A. B. Bu-lach Fruit Co., which is the first cargo of fruit brought here from Central America. She will be followed by the Norwegian steamship Segne, now due at Puerto Cortes.—Baltimore Journal of Commerce.

Henry Clay Lukens has made a most careful study of American humorous literature, from its birth, at the close of the seventeenth century, up to the present day; and he will contribute to the April number of Harper's Magazine an article entitled "American Literary Comedians," which will present, in condensed form, a survey of this entire field. The article will be illustrated with portraits.

The street car line from here to Rowland seems an assured fact. Those who have investigated the matter say it will pay handsomely. Stock is being taken pretty fast and it won't be long, we hope, before we can announce that the necessary \$5,000 has been raised. Water-works, an electric plant, street car line and the new railroad ought to give Stanford such a boom as will raise him to the importance that his position deserves.—Stanford Journal.

Reuben C. Harris, who was here Monday, with one of his fine stallions, killed himself at his home near Hubert, Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock. He cut his throat with a bare on the premises, where he was found by the family. No cause whatever can be assigned why he should have done so; as he enjoyed all the happiness, seemingly that this life of sorrow could bestow. He married Miss Liza Engelman, sister of Sam Engelman, Lancaster News.

G. W. Gentry, the colored statesman, was at home Sunday. He is now holding down a \$4-a-day government job at a Camp Nelson distillery and finds it much more profitable than practicing law. There are 40 more storekeepers and gaugers in the district, he says, but three of whom are colored. He thinks the proportion is far from fair to the people who elected Mr. Harrison, but as he is enjoying the usufruct himself, he is not kicking to any alarming extent.—Stanford Journal.

The Southern Iron Co. has commenced the construction of its steel plant at Chattanooga under the direction of Mr. R. Talbot, an English expert, who has been manager of large basic steel works in England. It is proposed to build two basic Siemens' furnaces, and follow these as rapidly as possible with others until the full plant has a capacity of 3,000 tons of steel a week. With this great enterprise at Chattanooga for making basic steel, the \$1,000,000 plant at Middletown for the same purpose, and Bessemer furnaces to be built at Greensboro, N. C., and Johnson City, Tenn., the South has practically commenced its steel industry.—Manufactures Record.

Senator Stanford's Palo Alto horses were on sale in New York, last week. On Wednesday, among those sold were 27 at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

The Driving Park Association, of Christian county, Ky., has changed its name to the Christian County Fair Company and the regular agricultural fair with trotting races will be restored. Running races are to be discontinued.—Farmers Home Journal.

The Alcyon-Nelson trotting race has got into the courts in Buffalo on the strength of depositions from a member of the Board of Review, reciting that Noble told him after it occurred that he had the time fixed for Nelson to win and that he got \$7,500 for it.

G. & C. P. Cecil sold last Saturday to Meyers & Wagner, of Dayton, O., the bay yearling stallion Gammon, by Gambetta Wilkes 2:25, and Edie Falkoner, by Abdullah Mambour (sire of Geneva S. 2:19 1/4), 2d dam the dam of Yelver Boy 2:29 1/4, and a full brother (yearling) to Gambetta and Jessica, by Gambetta Wilkes, dam by Indiana 2:23; 2d dam by Smuggler. Price said to be near \$2,000.—Danville Advocate.

some stockmen are paying attention to it. The saddler and trotter are separated and there is less breeding for the combined horse. The coming generations of harness horses may not all be two-thirty-flyers, but they will have undoubtedly a strong way of going—which will render them more valuable for the road.—Farmers Home Journal.

MATRIMONIAL.

A beautifully engraved invitation, received at THE CLIMAX office, reads: Mr. and Mrs. David H. Smith request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Alice Bradbury to Talton Emery, Tuesday afternoon, April 8th, at half past four o'clock. Aurora, Ind., 1890.

DIED.

William Ham died on Silver Creek, in Madison county, on Monday, March 31st, 1890, aged 82 years.

Arch Duncan died near Waco, on Saturday, March 29th, 1890, aged about 60 years. Buried near his home on Sunday.

The two-month old little girl of James Hill, died near Milltown, in Madison county, on Saturday, March 29th, 1890. Buried in Richmond Cemetery on Sunday.

Frankie B., daughter of J. Frank and Maggie Todd, died on Saturday, March 29th, 1890, in Madison county, of pneumonia, aged 3 years and 2 months. Interment Sunday afternoon at family burying ground.

Joshua Davis died at Brooktown, in Madison county, on Saturday, March 29th, 1890, aged about 60 years. He was a conspicuous figure in Chenault's regiment, and the survivors will be sorry to hear of his death.

Harvey Parish died at his home, the Squire Phelps place, two miles north of Richmond, on the Red House pike, on Wednesday, March 26th, 1890, aged near 60 years. He was one of the most substantial farmers of his community, and lived all his life near Red House, until a year or two ago. The remains were deposited in Richmond Cemetery on Thursday.

Alexander Chestnut, the 10-year-old son of D. T. Chestnut, of this place, was suddenly cut off in the prime of a promising manhood by an attack of pneumonia, on the 16th inst., and was interred in the Woodbine Cemetery. Services at the grave by Elder Huffaker.—Mt. Vernon Signal.

The father of deceased recently lived at Kirksville.

Resolutions of Respect by Richmond Lodge, No. 25, A. Y. F. & A. M.

WHEREAS, God in His allwise providence has deemed it best to call to his final home, Brother R. W. Nash, a sojourner among us, and whereas, in all his dealings with us and those of our community, Bro. Nash has made a reputation for dealing on the square in all things, therefore be it Resolved, That although in a land of strangers, far from his home and kindred people, it was his expressed pleasure to be cared for, and our privilege and pleasure to care for him in his last illness, that his memory we will cherish, that we will attend in a body his funeral services to perform the last sad rite, committing his body to the grave and his spirit to his maker.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread at large upon the minutes of the Lodge, published in a county paper and a copy be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

W. L. CANTYCHER,
J. E. GREENLEAF,
WM. G. WHITE,
Committee.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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